

John Howard Griffin

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Dearest Nell,

At the end of a long, long Sunday - and now at 9:30 p.m. I have just got a moment to myself. I brought Piedy home from the hospital at noon, and then went and did the enormous washing that had accumulated (my first time at the mysteries of the washateria) and while I was doing that my dad was here cooking roasts and bread for us; and then there were the usual visitors mostly to see the sick returned to the home. Piedy is feeling very well and looking beautiful after the little stay in the hospital. Now, with Mozart's Linz Symphony being gloriously played on the FM radio, I am in pajamas and ready for bed, but will do a little printing since Piedy has expressed a desire for some of the children's pictures in our room (we have the baby and Greg but none in there of Johnny and Susan.

The tests showed nothing bad, no tumor or cancer - just the appendix, so we are delighted, and terribly relieved.

Now, a friend has come in and since he knows darkroom work, I have put him to work making the first test prints of the pictures I took at Kolbsheim, which will keep me off my feet and get the work done. I have a big high chair in the darkroom now, and it works well enough, but I get so excited I soon find myself out of it.

I keep thinking of you, and since I have not heard since my return from France, I am concerned that you are suffering too much from your surgery. I pray this is not so, but I know it is.

Our great love to you, Nell.

